

VOLUME XV. No. 9

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THIS is a tale of white-topped tents and lions and tigers and creaking circus carts, and the whole "big show," but we're going to crawl under a tent flap at the back of things and see for ourselves the story of Frisk, the old clown, and little Pierrette.



Now Frisk was born with an unfortunate expression on his face. His eyebrows were ragged tufts placed in a crescent-shaped fashion, his chin was sharp and peaked, and his nose was everything it shouldn't have been. But his eyes—ah, they were merry, twinkling slits and his teeth were a gleaming flash! Frisk's pedigree was firmly rooted in circus soil. All his uncles and grandfathers before him had been clowns. His earliest recollections were vivid pictures of learning to balance on his head, the fine art of grimacing, and the intricacies of hoop-rolling. The rumbling of the circus caravan each night, as it wound its way down to the trains was the midnight croon of his childhood. The billowing swells of tents, the hoarse-voiced clamor of barkers, the shrill notes of the calliope were the sights and sounds that lived with him year in and year out.

Now, Frisk, streaks of gray alternating with the sandy hue of his locks, was all of fifty years old. Fifty years! But he was still the favorite of children everywhere! How they clapped for him, followed his gambols over the sawdust rings, called him by name from the street corners as he passed by—the last mad-cap ripple of the circus parade. "Rings on his fingers and bells on his toes"—that was Frisk!

Then little Pierrette skips into our story. She couldn't have been a speck over ten, the first day she was billed for an act with Frisk in the big center ring. They all happened at once to Frisk, the knowing of Pierrette, the act with Pierrette, on the day of his fiftieth birthday; three things of vital import to Frisk.



Pierrette was shy and rather timid the first day the manager brought her in to Frisk.

"Here's Belle La Plante's little girl," he said to Frisk. "Work up an act with her—dancing and clowning. They say she's got reg'lar bells in her toes!"

Rings on Her Fingers and Bells on His Toes

By ALICE STEVENS

"And where are the rings on your fingers, my dear?" asked Frisk, gently pulling the frightened little lass onto his knee.

"Why—I never had a ring," whispered Pierrette.

"What—never!" almost roared Frisk. "Not even on a birthday?"

"Why, no," said Pierrette; "and I don't have birthdays either."

"What—no birthdays!" Now Frisk was roaring. "This has got to be attended to right away!



Now I have birthdays and birthdays to spare! Why, come to think of it, I even have one on hand today! And I'll make you a present of it, yes, sir, my birthday present to you!"

Pierrette gurgled and clapped her hands, and then she jumped up and started to dance for sheer joy. Frisk almost held his breath to watch her, for she danced as if she was dancing to the music of invisible bells, such a tinkling, twinkling rhythm of tiny feet! And then Frisk sprang to his feet and started to caper about, twisting and pulling his face into laughable shapes, and standing on his head almost every other moment by way of emphasizing his joy over Pierrette.

Finally they both dropped down, panting and out of breath and the golden idea came to Frisk.

"Our act—that's it, Pierrette! You just dance to the bells on your toes, and I'll hear their music, too! We'll play it this afternoon. And the present," Frisk pulled out a tiny turquoise ring from his vest pocket. "My mother's—it was a present on one of her birthdays and I know she would want a little birthdayless and ringless girl to have it for one of her fingers."

Pierrette slipped it on. It fitted snugly onto her littlest finger and winked its turquoise eye up to her.

"Thank you, Frisk," she said. "It goes with the bells!"

Every afternoon and evening in six days of the week, Frisk and Pierrette



frolicked in the big center ring. It was the children's favorite act—the funny, droll Frisk, and the nimble-toed, thistle-down dancing of little Pierrette.

Then one afternoon, a very bad accident occurred. Pierrette was holding up the wooden frame through which Frisk leapt in a magnificent backward somersault. The bells in Pierrette's feet were tinkling madly in tune to the music of the band, and they carried her a slight fraction of a space away from her designated post. Frisk missed the yawning oval, lurched, and fell downward on a steel-enforced stool at the side. His nose, before everything it shouldn't have been, was broken. A poor, misshapen thing!

"Don't cry, little Pierrette," he comforted her, as she wept, heartbroken, in the dressing-room. "The laughs will be all the harder now!"

Pierrette only sobbed the more.

"It wasn't your fault, nor the fault of your little feet," Frisk insisted. "It was the bells—the bells on your toes. You must teach me their ways. Then I can dance with you—in time to you, and there will be no more bumps and falls."

"I will," Pierrette stood up and shook away the tears. "You gave me the ring for my finger, Frisk, dear, and you shall learn to dance with the bells on your toes too!"

So every afternoon and evening after the show was over, little Pierrette toiled over Frisk, teaching him to dance in tune to the bells. He caught their music quickly, and then what a joyous sight it was to see them both! How the children laughed now—how they clapped and called for them both by name!

"Let us have the bell-dance!" They would cry, "Frisk and Pierrette's bell-dance!"

So they danced to the tune of children's laughter, and the mad-cap bells, and to the twinkling gleam of Pierrette's turquoise ring, for a

long, long time. In fact it was for so long a time, that we had better pull down the tent flap at the back of circus things—lest I tell you that they are still dancing!



“THERE he is! Come on! We’ll check this chap!” The Checking of Terror Miggs By GRACE DOWNEY TINKHAM

Ned, Trix, and Jimmy hastily left their place of concealment on the bank above and dashed down the path to the dock below, where *Speed Queen* lay moored. Through the dim light of early dawn they could make out a burly figure scrambling aboard, releasing the hawser, and hawling it up.

“Hey, there!” shouted Ned. “What’s your rush with our launch?”

The fellow did not answer. The little craft swung out, and Ned, Trix, and Jimmy had to leap for it. They landed squarely upon the burly one and bore him to the deck floor. He struggled to free himself, but the three sat tight, until Trix became aware of *Speed Queen’s* rapid drifting into shore. He bounded to the wheel and set the motor going. With his weight removed, the fellow gave a mighty heave and deposited Ned and Jimmy violently against the seat on the other side. They got to their feet and indignantly approached him.

“Terror Miggs!” cried Jimmy, peering up into the dark face of the big shabby boy. “Just who we suspected!”

“That so?” remarked Terror, coolly. “You ought to be happy then, that you’ve caught me.” “I’ll take shore leave on that old wharf two miles up, Trix.”

“Oh, you will?” Ned shot at Terror. “Well, not until you have explained yourself!” Ever since you came to town three weeks ago, queer doings have been going on—things that finish up at your door! Food has been taken from back porches—

“Food weeded from the table waste and saved for chickens—”

“Apples lifted from a barrel in Mr. Tripp’s cellar—”

“Three. Mrs. Tripp was asked first. I suppose the person who saw me didn’t know that.”

“A silk skirt of Cicely Channing’s disappeared from her garage—”

“A discarded skirt,” stated Terror, “that had been taken to the garage to be used in polishing the car. Miss Cicely did not want it.”

“Besides,” Ned continued, “last week, three mornings at five o’clock, Buddy North’s new motor boat was used—”

“And returned! Joe Wood has loaned me his when he could.”

“Taken without permission!” Ned raced hotly on, unheeding. “And this week you pick on our launch!”

“What of it?” sneered Terror.

“Well, listen to that!” exploded little red-haired Jimmy. “If you want anything belonging to another fellow, just go help yourself! Great system, that! How long do you think it’ll hold out? What do you do with the chicken food you make off with, the old duds, and the motor boats?”

Terror stared back at Jimmy, eyes smoldering, lips tight.

“That’s my own affair,” he said shortly.

“Let me tell you that it isn’t your own affair,” Ned thrust forth.

“There is a way—and you know it—to check anyone who prowls and borrows without consent!”

Terror did not answer; his eyes rested upon the east shore, where back from the sandy beach stood a little, plain, gray house.

“That old wharf, remember,” he once more directed Trix. “Let me ashore there, please.”

Jimmy gave a low whistle. “Man!” he exclaimed. “But this is class! Being taken for a launch ride at 5 a.m. of a cold fall morning! When shall we call for you, sir?” he asked Terror ironically.

“Much obliged,” drawled Terror. “That’s all that could be expected of my Twilliger Hill—er—friends, I’m sure! I know how likely I’d have been to get this launch, if I’d asked permission!”

“You look here, Brian Miggs,” Jimmy resented. “We’d be your friends, if you behaved yourself—didn’t do stuff that got people calling you a terror!”

“Aw, perhaps—” Brian started to fling back, but the words cut off in his throat by the sharp swinging to leeward of *Speed Queen*. Through the choppy sea

she had darted off on an erratic course. Frantically Trix worked with the wheel. The others rushed to him.

“She won’t steer!” he announced in tense tones. “Broken rudder.”

Ned tried. He got no response. Crazily the little craft whipped about like a bit of driftwood driven by a high wind. Ned snapped off the motor. The faces of the four whitened. Jimmy cast one swift glance down into the cold rough waters and shuddered. All were silent. *Speed Queen* tossed recklessly toward the east bank. Terror watched; he measured each move of the disabled launch.

“Now,” he said, when he saw that she had worked herself within two hundred feet of shore, “it’s time to act. Give me that.” He roughly pushed Jimmy aside, possessed himself of a long coil of slim strong rope on the floor, and wound one end about his waist, securely knotting it. “Rocks off here, eighty feet,” he said. Can’t let her ground. I’m going over. Will tow her past, and into shore. You fellows sit tight. I’ll make it!”

He stepped to the side and flung one leg over; Ned stopped him.

“Just a minute!” he said. “I’ll have some of that rope. You’re not going alone!”

Terror faced him fiercely. “No sense



in that," he growled. "Why risk your life?" He paused at the look Ned gave him. "Say, you fellows," he argued, "your game was to get even with me, wasn't it? Well, here's your chance. Grab it!"

"You got us wrong!" Trix informed. "We don't do that 'getting even' business, Brian! Our game was to check you, keep you from doing the things you shouldn't."

Terror grunted, counted three, and with Ned slid overboard. Trix and Jimmy fed out the rope and glued their anxious eyes to the two dark heads.

"Heavy sea—cold as ice—I wonder if they can—" Jimmy pulled himself together. He leaned over the side and strained to see; now and then he caught the flash of a hand. A hand in that cold, rough—

Trix bent tensely over the rope. Minutes passed, long terrible minutes of suspense and fear. The *Speed Queen* rocked and rolled, staggered and floundered. Spray whipped over her side into their faces; a huge wave came and washed the deck, leaving them standing in the drain.

Jimmy stifled a groan. Ned and Terror in that sea! Could they make it? Would their strength hold out against the terrific pummeling of the waves? Would the icy currents get them, deaden their limbs, drag them under?

"Oh, please, God," he prayed, "help Ned and Terror to reach safety!"

And just then Trix gave a loud shout. The rope had gone taut; they were being towed. The boys had passed the rocks! *Speed Queen* obeyed the tug of that slender line like an infant. Next came Ned's call from land to set the motor going. Trix did, and the valiant little launch *pt-ptted* her way to the sandy beach and came to grateful rest between the shivering, swaying figures of Ned and Terror Miggs.

"Th-that house," chattered Terror, indicating the small gray house back from the shore. "W-we can get d-dry and wa-warm."

Exhausted, bruised, battered and half-frozen, the dripping boys with the aid of Trix and Jimmy stumbled up the walk to the little house, the door of which instantly opened and a tiny white-haired woman drew them in.

"Brian! Brian!" she gasped to Terror. "What has happened?"

"J-just a dip in the l-lake, Grandma, th-that we were not e-counting on," Brian told her through clattering teeth.

"Into my room, right away," she ordered, herding them all in that direction. "There are towels in the top drawer of the walnut chest, and out-grown clothing of my grandson Howard in the lower one. Make the change quickly, and I'll have hot drinks ready for you when you are through."

Trix and Jimmy got the soaked, torn clothing from the shaking pair, administered a vigorous rub-down, and helped themselves into the dry things.

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The Whistler in Tinkle Street

BY MABEL S. MERRILL

CHAPTER III



THERE was a deep stream of water moving through the bottom of the hollow where no water had ever been before to her knowledge!

They all stood and stared at the deep water in front of them and the three Mayburys looked at Ruby Ring for instructions.

"The pasture pond must have overflowed since the big rain," mused Ruby. "The water has backed right down into this hollow and is running clear through to the river. That means we can't go around it."

It was a puzzle how to get across that flood. It was up to Stacy's waist here at the edge. He could swim of course and so could Ruby and Heather perhaps, but there was the small boy and the precious playthings to be ferried safely over. Besides, they couldn't start off on a steamer trip if they were all as wet as fishes, so Heather argued.

Old Hector solved the problem at last. He had come stumbling after them through the bushes and Ruby was not afraid to try getting over by sitting on the donkey's back with her feet drawn up to keep them clear of the water.

"I'll go first," she proposed, "to see how it works. You can coax Hector to come back for you when I'm across."

She took her load of playthings and got safely over, though Hector had to wade to his shoulders. A sweet apple tempted him to come back for Heather who took the rest of the playthings with her. Last of all, Stacy and Tripp came over together. Whisk had swum across long ago and was gleefully rolling in the dry grass at the other side.

They started on again as fast as they could go but soon found something else that brought them to a stop. It was a thicket of blackberry bushes loaded with the black, shining fruit all ripe and sweet. The berries were so thick that it seemed as though one could have picked a quart in a few minutes.

"Oh my!" sighed Ruby Ring, "we can't go by these, even if they do make us miss the steamer. There is nobody up at the Home to pick berries, and those children are hungry for fruit all the time. These

blackberries will be a greater treat than ice cream."

They set the basket on the ground beside the thicket of prickly bushes and worked away till they had all the blackberries they could carry.

Heavily laden as they were, it took them some time to make the rest of the distance to Peters' landing. But at last they climbed the pasture wall and saw before them the wide shining waters of the river, with a little wooden wharf under the bank. They saw too a smart little steamer just vanishing around the bend, headed up-river and going full speed.

"It's the *River Rose*," groaned Ruby; "we missed her by three minutes. Well, anyway, we can sit down and rest a bit while we think what to do next."

They ranged their valuable cargo on the wharf and sat down where a great overhanging willow made a pleasant shade. Tripp was as tired as any of them, to say the least, but five minutes' rest was always enough for him when he could see anything to be done. He felt in his pocket for that fish-line with the hook on it. He had coiled it up carefully and stowed it away, thinking that some day they would be sure to go to the river where there were real fish to catch. Now here they were and he must make the most of his chance. He slipped quietly to the edge of the wharf and sat down with his short legs dangling over the deep water. Then he threw his line out and waited to see what would happen.

The first bite came soon. The line began to shake and Tripp pulled in great excitement. Up from the water came a little silvery fish wriggling wildly at the end of that line. But hardly was it clear of the water than it slipped off and disappeared with a flop underneath the edge of the wharf. It had not been hooked securely and its lively movements had sent it flying.

The wharf was only a platform of planks supported on piles among which the deep water lapped and gurgled. But the muttering Tripp heard down there was certainly not the sound of the water. It sounded more like a man talking excitedly to himself. The small boy lay flat on the

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THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Knowing Our Neighbors

BY THE EDITOR

The neighbors I mean are other church schools of our fellowship. Wherever they are, in the United States and Canada, or even across the sea, we have common aims in worship and service, we love the same faith.

Let me tell you, then, something about our church schools, that you may know your neighbors and what they are doing.

Which schools are growing bigger and better? Here are some we know about:

At Plainfield, N. J., the school is larger and opens with more promise than ever before. It is now for the first time completely graded, from Kindergarten to High School. Early in the new year the school will meet in the new Parish House, where there will be separate rooms for the classes. Portsmouth, N. H., reports gains in membership, with twenty-two on the Cradle Roll. Indianapolis, after a month with the new director, Mrs. Emma Abbott Allen, has now reached one hundred and sixty-one members and is still growing. The Cleveland Unitarian says that the school figures boom. To show this the attendance for corresponding months last year and this year is published, showing an increase of 30%. At Sacramento, Calif., a monthly personal note to each member of the school written by the min-

ister has greatly stimulated growth and regularity of attendance.

Which schools are giving attention to memory work?

At Yonkers, N. Y., there is a "memory bank" session fifteen minutes before the school opens, with credits for those who recite the verses learned. At West Roxbury the pupils of the Upper School are choosing the Bible passages to be learned by the school this year. At Van Buren, Maine, the little school gathered together by Miss Hume, the librarian, repeat together Bible verses in answer to questions, as she has arranged them; they have also learned verses beginning with each letter of the alphabet.

After a six weeks' vacation the school was called together by a visiting minister, and without any notice or special preparation they recited for him all their A-B-C verses, and answered in concert every question he asked them—100% perfect in their memory work. Could many of our larger schools do as well?

Now you will want to hear about the parties and other social events—but for that I must ask you to wait until next week.

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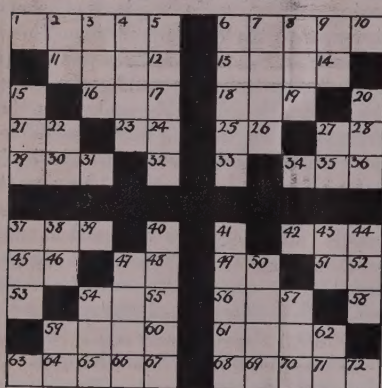
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Cross Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

- 1-5 A domestic animal.
- 6-10 Part of a letter.
- 11-12 A kind of bread.
- 13-14 A penny.
- 16-17 To make a knot.
- 18-19 A grain used to feed horses.
- 21-22 Preposition.
- 23-24 Abbr. Mister.
- 25-26 Conjunction.
- 27-28 Abbr. New Hampshire.
- 29-31 Measure of weight.
- 34-36 Female deer.
- 37-39 Domestic animal supplying milk.
- 42-44 Barnyard fowl.
- 45-46 Indefinite article.
- 47-48 Short for father.

VERTICAL

- 2-11 Conjunction.
- 3-16 To decay.
- 4-23 Slender.
- 5-32 Bright and active.
- 6-33 A kind of shovel.
- 7-26 To rip.
- 8-19 An insect.
- 9-14 Abbr. for mountain.
- 15-29 House animal.
- 20-36 Definite article.
- 22-30 Preposition, toward.
- 27-35 Negative.
- 37-53 Automobile.
- 38-46 Preposition, on top of.
- 40-67 Article of furniture in dining room.
- 41-68 To exhale deeply.
- 43-51 Abbr. for Edward.
- 44-58 Sleepy.
- 47-66 Small deep body of water.
- 50-69 Used in washing.
- 54-65 What the cow says.
- 57-70 To leave the world.
- 59-64 Abbr. for foot.
- 62-71 Used in football yells.

(Continued from page 51)

planks with his head hanging over the edge and peered under the wharf to see what he had caught this time with that hook.

However, it turned out that it was not exactly the hook that had done the mischief. Someone had pushed a boat in under the wharf where it was quiet and cool. He seemed to have been having a nap, this somebody, for he was sitting up in the boat, looking sleepy and rather wild. The little fish had landed on his head and he had caught the wet slippery thing as it slid down to his shoulder. As Tripp peered at him, he gave it a fling far out beyond the wharf and into the water.

Tripp spoke in an injured tone. "I don't see why you wanted to throw away a nice fish like that. Besides, he wasn't yours; I caught him."

The young man in the boat laughed. "Then you ought to have taken better care of him and not let him go, lighting on people's heads while they were asleep. Never mind him, son; he was too small to be any good. Wait till we get this boat out of here and we'll talk it over."

The boat was a slender motor boat, painted green and silver with its name, *Dragonfly*, in neat lettering. They all came crowding to the edge of the wharf to look at it as it lay rocking lightly on the water. The young man took off his hat to the group. Evidently he was not quite a stranger to Ruby Ring, for she called him by his name at once.

"Oh, Mr. Harley Free, we do so want to get up to the Fresh Air Home with this load of things for the children! The *River Rose* went by just before we got here; daddy didn't know we were coming."

"I'll take you right along with me," responded the owner of the pretty boat, "and if we can't overhaul Captain Ring and his *River Rose* I don't know my little *Dragonfly*."

In two minutes they were all on board with their luggage, and the swift little boat was darting upriver at a speed that

Bobby Bear's Rhyme Corner

As the Poplar

BY MARY P. ELMENDORF

As the poplar tree,
As the patient Lombard tree
With its branches, bright and green,
Stalwartly ascending,
So my heart would be,
All its thoughts, alert and clean,
Sharply upward tending.

Making Friends with Fairies

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Making friends with fairies
Is an easy thing to do,
Making friends with fairies,
Because they're lonely, too!

There is a place for us to meet;
But I've forgotten just the street!



made Whisk look rather worried as he sat beside Tripp in the end seat.

They "overhauled" the *River Rose* at last. There she was going on ahead of them with her passengers sitting in rows by the rail of the little deck. There was just room to slip by and the *Dragonfly* did it like a flash while a blue-coated man looked down from the steamer and laughed.

"That's daddy," announced Ruby, proudly, waving her hand to the blue-coated figure.

As the *Dragonfly* went flashing over the blue waves they could see a pretty cluster of summer homes, like a fairy city, on the low green shore ahead of them. Behind the colony rose up a large dark building, standing on a knoll among the pines.

"That's the Fresh Air Home," announced Ruby. "It's more like a home than it used to be, but it looks as much like a barn as it ever did."

The fifty children at the Home set up a great shout as the visitors came in. A good big play-room had been finished off in one end of the building. There was plenty of space in it, but not much else except rows of low chairs pushed back against the walls. The matron, Mrs. Graham, came quickly to look over the things the young folks had brought.

"Dolls!" she cried delightedly. "Ruby Ring, what a darling you are to think of it! And they'll be wild over the picture scrap-books too. But for the land's sake, let me put this little red cart up on the shelf where they can't all be snatching for it at once. I shall let them have it in turn, but only when they've been specially good."

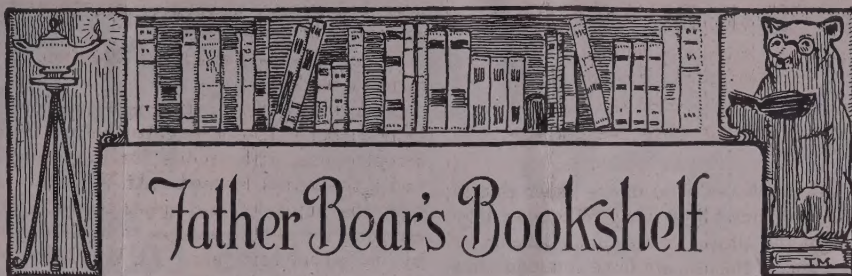
"I'm going to make some more of those," spoke up Stacy. "How many boys are there here, Mrs. Graham?—twenty-three? Well, that means twenty-two carts painted red or blue. I'll have them before long, you see!"

"And we'll bring rolls of pieces, so that the older ones can sew dolls' clothes for themselves," cried Heather eagerly. "If they don't know how we'll teach them, won't we, Ruby! We'll make everybody in Tinkle street help if we can't do it all ourselves. I'm coming often, Mrs. Graham." "Bless you, child," returned the matron, "you can't come too often if you come loaded like this. There, I'll save this treat of blackberries for luncheon."

All this time Harley Free had stayed with the party, listening and looking on. When they were ready to go, he said:

"I'm going to take you back in the *Dragonfly* because I want a peep at Tinkle street. I've lived in Bryceford a month and never knew there was a Tinkle street. Well, that won't do at all, you know. So come along."

(To be continued)



Father Bear's Bookshelf

CHATTERBOX

L. C. Page & Company (Inc.)
Price \$2.25 net

CHARACTERS: FATHER BEAR.

U-ANN I.

CHATTERBOX.

Scene: The Beacon Bears' Bookshop. (*Father Bear* and *U-Ann I* enter hand-in-hand, and sit down on the bench before the hearth. *Chatterbox* hops down from the shelves to welcome them.)

Chatterbox: How do you do? Make yourselves at home, my dears.

Father Bear: You're looking well this year, *Chatterbox*; I brought my little friend, *U-Ann I*, to see you. I thought she might like to know you to read.

Chatterbox: Dee-lighted! I'm still as chattery as ever!

U-Ann I: What a lovely jacket you wear, green, red, and yellow! And what a nice picture of a dog on the cover. How old are you, *Chatterbox*?

Chatterbox: I'm proud of my years! Let's see, I was born in 1914, but as I "leapt a few years," this is my 7th birthday.

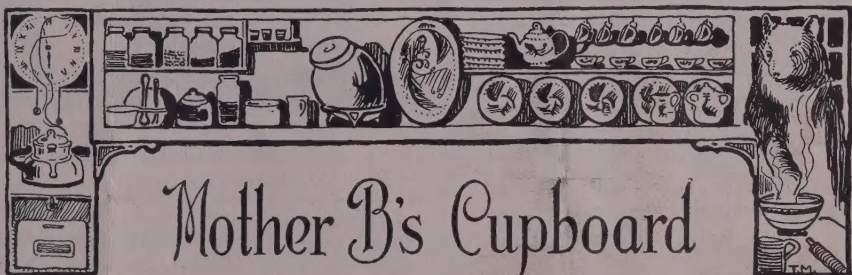
Father Bear (Opening *Chatterbox's* pages): See, 49 stories, 36 poems, 134 illustrations, and 8 color plates!

U-Ann I: But what kind of stories and poems?

Father Bear: Every kind imaginable. *Chatterbox* is a vast melting pot of short stories and verses gleaned from authors everywhere—work often written by foreign authors, so that you read about boys and girls from other lands.

U-Ann I: Goody, goody! Open your pages, *Chatterbox*, and start to tell your stories to me!

Chatterbox: (Opening to his first story): Gladly! This is called "Bushrangers' Gold," by A. A. Methley. It was a very hot afternoon in late July, and cricket was being played, rather languidly, in the big field at High Barrow School— (The Curtain falls as *Chatterbox's* voice goes on, *Father Bear* and *U-Ann I* listening breathlessly.)



Mother B's Cupboard

Hark! Stop and sniff! Don't you hear the dinner bell ringing, and smell the good things waiting for you in Mother B's Cupboard? Here they are—right before you!

Nun's Puffs

Beat 4 eggs, and add one-half a pint of milk, and pour gradually into 2 cups of flour. Mix and beat until smooth. Strain and pour into greased muffin tins. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve warm with liquid pudding sauce.

Cheese Wafers

Sprinkle unsalted crackers with grated cheese mixed with a few grains of cayenne. Put on a cookie tray and bake until cheese melts.

Syllabus

Syllabus is a short, sweet, and simple dessert to make. Whip a pint of cream to a stiff froth and stand on the ice. At serving time, fill glasses with the cream and dust thickly with powdered sugar and

sprinkle with either chopped almonds, grated macaroons, or chopped candied fruit.

Meringue

Whites of 3 eggs, 7 and one-half tablespoons powdered sugar, one-half teaspoon lemon extract or one-third teaspoon vanilla. Beat whites until stiff, add four tablespoons of the sugar gradually and beat vigorously. Add the remaining sugar and flavoring. Cook 8 minutes in a slow oven.

Apple Sauce Cake

Cream together 1 cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, add 1 teaspoonful salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful cinnamon, nutmeg and 1 cup cut raisins. Dissolve 1 teaspoonful soda in a little warm water and stir into 1 cup unsweetened apple sauce letting it foam over the ingredients in the bowl. Beat thoroughly and add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour. Bake in loaf tin 45 minutes.

A. M. WALKER

Unitarian Woman's League Cook Book.



The following letters—to give you another peep into the doings and affairs of your own club members!

FIRST UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL,
WEST NEWTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like very much to belong to The Beacon Club and wear its button. I am thirteen years old and go to the First Unitarian Sunday School in West Newton. Our class teacher's name is Mrs. Rogers and we are teaching "Heroic Lives," besides the Life of Christ which we are writing.

Sincerely yours,

NANCY E. MARSDALL.

16 STEVENS ST.,
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I get The Beacon every Sunday. I read to my father every night and he reads The Beacon to me. I go to the Unitarian church in Winchester, Mass. I am seven years old and I hope to join The Beacon Club. I have two sisters and a dog, and a kitten, and some hens, and a play-house in a tree. I love nature. With love from

RICHARD DUNCAN ELLIOTT.

R. F. D. 1.,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

My dear Miss Buck:—I joined The Beacon Club some time ago but in some way lost the button and am enclosing stamps and would like you to send me another one. I am fourteen years old and would like to correspond with some girls of my age in Canada and the western states. I go to High School in Charleston. It is very interesting to see the people making the new bridge of concrete that we have to cross to go to Charleston, now.

One of your friends,

ROSA BAILEY.

MARLBORO, MASS.

Dear Dr. Buck:—I belong to the Unitarian Sunday School. I am nine years old. I go to the Pleasant St. School. I would like to belong to The Beacon Club. The Sunday School went out on an outing today to West Hill.

Yours truly,

GLADYS THAYER.

SOUTH ST.,
BARRE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like very much to belong to The Beacon Club and wear its pretty button. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School. Our teacher's name is Mrs. Rice. Our minister's name is Mr. Gresman.

Very truly yours,

SHIRLEY E. SWAN.

271 LOWELL ST.,
FEARBODY, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am eleven years old and I am in the 7th grade. I wish you would write some more of the fairy tales that are like The Magic Rose. My name is Elizabeth Osborne and I am a "Go Hawk," that is another club.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH OSBORNE.

Beatley Memorial Scholarship

FROM BEACON CONTRIBUTORS

Forward from last report	\$29.10
Dr. William L. Lawrence	5.00
First Unitarian Church School, New Bedford, Mass.	20.00
Miss C. E. Coffin, Fondren, Miss.	1.00
Total	\$55.10

Dear Cubs:—The Beacon Club Award for this issue goes to two of our Beacon Club members, Marjorie Ellicott for her Christmas poem, and A. Samarjian for his story "Caught At Play."

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

Caught at Play

BY A. SAMARJIAN

(Age 11)

Jimmy was an office boy employed by Smith and Cole. He was a jolly, good-natured fellow with blue eyes, and he had worked in the office for two months. One day the employer, Mr. Cole, left his golf bag in the corner where Jimmy worked. Just as the employer disappeared behind the door which was lettered in gold printing "Private," Jimmy took a golf club and ball and proceeded to hit the ball across the room. The employer rang the bell for Jimmy, and when there was no response, opened the door just in time to see Jimmy in the act of hitting the ball. He came out stroking his beard, as men do when they have a beard, and asked Jimmy if he liked golf. Jimmy's face reddened as he said he did.

He was surprised to hear his boss say that he was intending to play with a friend but the friend had an important matter to attend to and couldn't play that afternoon, and he wanted Jimmy to come out and play with him instead. Jimmy thankfully went, glad that he was "in" for a game of golf and not "out" of a job!

Christmas

BY MARJORIE ELLICOTT

(Age 8)

It's nice to laugh and romp at play,
To "Ring Around the Rosy" gay,
But nothing fills us full of glee
Like dancing 'round the Christmas tree!

(Continued from page 51)

"Now," chirped Grandma, "come close to the stove; there's a good hot fire. And here are warm blankets to wrap about you." She bundled each close, and handed them an earthen mug of ginger tea.

"When you feel equal to it, tell me what happened."

Brian started in response to the questioning look in Grandma's eyes. "I was on my way to work for Mr. Lewis," he related in a low voice. "You know his place, Grandma, where that old wharf is, across the lake. I've been working for him for two weeks now, a couple of hours each morning. He raises garden produce, and markets it. My job was to help him load. This is the first time I've missed; the— the rudder broke and Ned and I towed her in."

"Dear! dear!" cried Grandma. "What courage you had, you boys, what strength! But who does the boat belong to?" she asked. "It's not yours, Brian."

"No ma'am," answered Brian. "These boys own her. They live with Colonel Pepperpod and his sister Aunt Plumey on Twilliger Hill."

"I've heard of that family," commented

Things to Puzzle the Delphian Oracle—
But Not You!

TWISTED AUTOMOBILES

1. Kperada.
2. Ohmelipub.
3. Lprsece.
4. Cinnllo.
5. Dicclala.
6. Eeaurtbkd.
7. Xlmiaew.
8. Llwiysgktnhi.
9. Sobodlleim.
10. Aojdrn.

GEORGE EDWARD THAYER.

ENIGMA

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 11, 4, 14, 8, holds wheels.
My 12, 1, 6, 15, 2, 3, is a cloak.
My 9, 5, 13, 17, is falling water.
My 10, 16, is an exclamation.
My whole was a great American statesman.

THE BOOTHES.

FOUR-LETTER WORD SQUARE

1. True.
2. Rest—Comfort.
3. Questions. Seek to know.
4. Smaller quantity.

E. A. CALL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 8

HIDDEN BIRDS—1. Wren. 2. Crow. 3. Owl. 4. Thrush. 5. Dodo. 6. Lark. 7. Plover. 8. Dove. 9. Crane. 10. Linnet. 11. Pewee. 12. Swallow.
ENIGMA—"Stand not upon the order of your going but go at once."
DOUBLE BEHEADINGS—1. Spear, pear, ear. 2. There, here, ere. 3. Amend, mend, end. 4. Stone, tone, one. 5. Still, till, ill.

Grandma. "They are splendid people. Real friends, Brian."

"Yes, ma'am," agreed Brian, looking down.

"But Brian is deserving of you," asserted she to the others. "If it hadn't been for him the past few weeks, my daughter Nellie, her three little girls and I would have fared badly. Nellie injured her hand at the factory where she works and is laid up. Brian shared his food with us and his earnings. With Howard at college working his way through, unable to assist, Brian has been a blessing."

"Grandma—don't!"

"Why, do you know," she went earnestly on, "he saves apples that are given him and brings them to the little girls, and he has even asked for discarded clothing which he thought might be made over for them. And all of this," added Grandma, starting pantryward for food for their breakfasts, "from a lad who is no kin to us. Just a good boy. A friend!"

"And no terror!" piped Jimmy in a solemn whisper as soon as the little grandma was out of hearing. "Except as we've discovered—a terror for sacrifice and grit! And a terror for doing good!"